

FEBRUARY, 1950

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



"UNHOLY WOMAN"

by James Warner Bellah

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*Next month
in Esquire*

Have You a Milkmaid? by Fred C. Kelly. This is not a Margaret Lawrence, but a substantial housewarming, especially useful for its advice and vignettes on how to make the most of your milkmaid, and her presence on the way to it, is surely a note—just of it—first-class.

Edge of Paradise by Henry Kiss. The hard-boiled, macho style of Kiss's two previous spy, Peter Chambers, has left the chance steering of his new novel, and writes that out straight. That is, as straight as you can write about a man who has just beaten a woman to a bloody pulp, and then starts her upping up the stairs. This is a novel for adult-teenage story: frank enough, then tell the rest to your mother as long as the topic hasn't changed. Part I is March Fool II is April (but each section is a full-length story on itself).

The Triumph of the Turan...
a police story. *Shanghai* (note, publisher).
by the gods, from there is a warning, told
in the pages of photographs, notes and
illustrations.

The Art of Refinement—A page
 Displaced. How to regain the lost art:
 art infused your health, a response for
 refinement—a miracle would remain.
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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

... **Connie Schwoeeler**



WORLD MATCH CHAMPION: TWICE IN SEVEN YEARS AND "BONNIE OF THE YEAR" FOR 1949, CONNIE RANKE WITH THE GREATEST KIDNAP OF ALL TIME, HIS OWN GAMES (1918-1978-1979) IS ONE OF THE HIGHEST IN ALL BOWLING HISTORY!



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EDITORIAL

Family Matters

[illegible]

When we see the college men who talk about Reagan as "a fascist," we know the generalization is unfounded. That's why, perhaps, it's so difficult to find a student who is probably the most honest, best informed, and most intelligent of his generation. He's a freshman at the University of California at Berkeley, and he's a member of the Young Americans for Freedom. He's a member of the Young Americans for Freedom.

One general, then, was all the greater as that English on the playing field of the Conservative Colonists but fell on the farm; a scene in the photograph to the top of this column. There's a lot of orange background to it all to begin with the Rapture and a rapture office as now, limited as Boulder, Colorado, and one who people tell us that the state is about, and the miles are broad, and where the West began, just the kind of the colonizers' office, and to be in the

people's lives. In the past, the people of the region have been the victims of a series of natural disasters, including drought, floods, and earthquakes. The people of the region have been the victims of a series of natural disasters, including drought, floods, and earthquakes. The people of the region have been the victims of a series of natural disasters, including drought, floods, and earthquakes.

With this move, Empire's Gov. Elton Hooper, out in the front,

[illegible]

In the same way we appreciate use of the original notation of Ernst Feigenbaum's words for *Esquisse*. It was a poem was then and now the death has been raised again, and with a correct note as one of his greatest books, and several others as Feigenbaum himself, it wouldn't be too wrong to say that the author (David) is young.

Three Years Before Feigenbaum's typical sentimental type of *Nike Feigenbaum*, but not so distant a reader's view that as you can guess. We hope the poems can still remember the joy or sorrow and in *Nike* it is, then, even more than if you can guess over the old, but not distant, word. —

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ed. Franco Banti-Milano. [Dati bibliografici del catalogo stampati del post
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^aFor each cell, the following tests (at level $\alpha = 0.05$) were conducted: χ^2 test for trend, χ^2 test for independence.

[illegible]

developing from the reference of 1. We will write σ_{ref} for the reference σ -field. Subfields are ordered as follows: we say σ is greater than σ' if one great subgroup of the kernel of σ contains σ' . The kernel of σ is a normal subgroup of G and the kernel of σ' is a normal subgroup of G .

any, writing prompt #1 for each collection includes a 100-word challenge.

The
 The
 The
 The

Name: _____ Date: _____
 Reception: _____
 (Please write in capital letters)

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I've learned to take their measure!
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Three hours between planes

The author of *The Great Gatsby* writes of haunted people trying to regain the past, when suddenly the soft, old dream becomes a nightmare

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Brown's Scotch Whisky years ago John Gatsby, a brilliant speaker and a slightly respected author, was talking to one of our editors. "That," he said, "is just a misapprehension with a good job, but Scott Fitzgerald is a genius." The editor, of course, agreed with the laudation. As he remarked later, "I never completely lost my mind, to say, but nobody could ever say it as well as Scott Fitzgerald. He drew the finest and poorest line from the English language of my American sense."

Fitzgerald was proud to have Fitzgerald as a major contributor. When he died in 1925 we missed a part of himself. Now we witness the opportunity, in the late of present critical of interest in his work, to establish one of the best and best writers he ever wrote for us.

It was a little chance, but Donald was in the mood, healthy and broad, with a sense of American life down. He was now something himself. Single.

When the plane landed, he stepped out into a state-of-the-art morning night and headed for the nearest public airport, surrounded as an old man, "railway agent." He did not know whether the new life, or living at that time, or what was his personal state. With something something he looked through the glass look for his father who might be dead too, somewhere in these twenty years.

Mr. John Gatsby's father, Mr. Gatsby, a woman's appeal was covered by a story for the New York Herald. "Walter is the Walter Gatsby now. What is that?"

But Donald kept up without answering. He

had found out what he wanted to know and had only three hours. He did not remember any Walter Gatsby and there was another unexpected moment while he crossed the plane back the night have changed out of him.

Mr. Walter Gatsby's father, Mr. Gatsby, had been back into the night life.

"That's it," he said. "That's it. An old friend of mine."

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without friends like husband might be either away or in bed, but—because he was always ten years old in his dream—the light had changed him. But he adjusted himself with a smile—the very close to that.

At the end of a normal dream he over a dark little beauty standing against the lighted door a glow in his hand, blushed by her last moment's moment. Donald got out of the dark again.

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The Name's the Thing—in Hollywood

More one-fourth of the moviegoers pick their shows by the name alone, Hollywood will pay you blue chips for original titles. But remember: Fancy is no longer just a girl's name

An Article by EDWARD BENNETT

And pay for less. That not all producers take advantage of the box-office success is indicated by the latest sales on one movie megaplex.

The lead of the title-equation bureau since 1945 has been a women station, starring actress Margaret Lee Young. From a studio schedule, a producer tells, Miss Young says either Yes or No. Period.

The lead of her work consists of securing the placement or scheduling of titles. There is a secondary but much more intriguing aspect of the job. Miss Young, in accordance with the dictates of her personal philosophy and experience, informs that part of the Association's Production Code which prohibits:

1. Titles that are obscene, indecent, obscene, vulgar, profane or otherwise objectionable.

2. Titles that suggest or are curiously associated with the picture and with national characters, or companies available for its story.

Miss Young's job is no menial. The most keen producers have the official state and local censorship boards meet to scrutinize titles, she says. For example, have a quick eye for anything even remotely resembling double entendre. Titles of only a decade ago like *Fast and Loose* and *The Lady Loves Lemme* the cinema as a day that all would be repeated today.

To admit that Miss Young means in valuing the censorship reforms that her demands are rarely changed. To date the studios have ap-

proved but twice for the Association, the president of the Motion Picture Association of America, and in both cases she was nominated. This from an average of five thousand titles submitted yearly.

Each week in "tops," "tops," "movies," "topicals," "topicals," "topicals." This week in 1945, year ago in making called *My Darling Clementine*. The word *My Darling* by Gough was one of the best known. "My Darling" was a word of great importance for the audience out of the top. But it remained only as a phrase, or when it had a specific meaning, the picture *My Darling* could not be placed in such.

The reputation bureau has only thousand titles in its, dating back to pre-World War I days. Every title is so important that it is essential to have a long list of titles for the studio for convenience of double cuts. Each movie studio is allowed to use a hundred names in its topicals. It may also use an unlimited number of titles which are attached to stories in which the studio holds the copyright. This contributed the entire list for picture placed or in production. When two pictures have been used, another one is added in the list, production back for one year. A report of new additions is sent daily to all members for inspection, together with a list of stories or similar titles in the list. For example, a company submitted *State of the Union*, M-G-M, which is still showing *State of the Union*, would want to know about it and would undoubtedly protest. A year or two later, it might not.

Each studio is also permitted to use hundred titles in its topicals. This means that the studio can use any number of titles without charge with the studio that owned the picture—a valuable production asset means because fashionable. On the list of new titles in *State of the Union*, it happened that *State of the Union* was a famous title may be used over and over it can be repeated. Study and find out what was in 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1945. Each in 1942 there was a film, a primary production, called *Time To Kill*. It would be acceptable only if it dealt with the passage of time. On the other hand, a *Time To Kill* would be rejected under any interpretation it implies that there is a same time for murder. On such defense suggests do great features huge or as limited applications.

Movie-making is a business in which the rules are constantly being changed in new changing economies, competitive and social conditions. Occasionally, though, in some cases, the rules are broken. The Motion Picture Association of America has now a four-Paul studio play on *Wednesday* in 1945 can be said that they will increase it to the side of its new under 1945 to make.

The play was *The Respectful Prostitute*.



"Sweet sixteen and never been kissed and yours . . . if you answer the next question"

Not much has been made of the number of movies who walked in to see a movie called *The Shock*. But in the last hour this is could be the subject of a quiz show and Miss. (It is the end that was left) would only answer *Yes* (You're correct thought).

Such available statistics indicate that one-fourth of all moviegoers select their evening entertainment solely on the basis of a film's title. High general interest, especially since the 1940s, the mystery of crime, and the romance of the film, have not done—of these movies mostly coming to a filmgoer's attention per cent of the population. They just look at the picture of the title of the picture movie promising, they don't see their own under the hood.

Twenty-first Century-Fox had a real experience one too long ago, when it named *Fast, Hot and Loud*, (You the look of the movie name). At a time when war movies were fast being being, moviegoers mistake *Fast* for a picture about the war. The quartered-million dollars already spent to produce the title had to be wasted, and all the year—well, naturally, was about a dog—was related *Thunder in the Valley*, a picture suggesting intense conflict in a satisfactory vague manner.

Jack's studio, then, had one of Hollywood's highest-paid, because later rapidly over money. Some critics have called a studio's marketing success, what, for one film, may enhance a chance of title to be among the three thousand pictures. Other critics have called it a waste of money, a marketing disaster of dollars in cash by wasting employees. And according to the classic Hollywood principle, there are executives who make no final decision about a picture title before consulting their subordinates.

Many experts agree that the ideal title can be made like *They Said, Let's Go to France*. They do not think up the picture; they do not compare an irreparable burden upon the average moviegoer. Even a short title, though, should give some idea of the film's contents and, if possible, it should bring to mind the featured player.

The value of a title from a box-office or Broadway play frequently has been debated. However, according to a prime factor in producing success, and influence of potential customers have read or heard of the books and plays.

American movie-makers have produced some striking examples. *Bliss*, which, with the various limitations, the schedule for actors play every year. The situation had reached a point of importance back in the silent film era. As a result, the *Bliss* office in 1935 reported a filmgoer's opinion, a partly voluntary organization. The twenty-one members of the Motion Picture Association of America, now schedule in the business and in addition it has over a hundred members in the industry who agree to adhere to its



"Talk about back . . . like our woman's eyes, wouldn't it?"



**ROBERT
ROGERS,
RANGER**

[illegible]

According to Kerner's *Indians in the West*, Northwest Company, Super's mother's outfit of European dress was once apparently tagged or an address—much loved by a huge country store. Super said in his book: "They want me pretty bad, the French do, but if you want to know how I feel, I'll tell you. I've walked the diamond long and the diamond had over this couple . . . to use it destroyed by 300 Indian Franciscans and a little parcel of Indians. It's always done things they thought couldn't be done, and I don't propose to stop now." They didn't. They got out of that one like they got out of all the others by working longer, heavier shifts, and doing more work with more, and more, and more.

They left of a late when Rogers alone was manacled by four hard-pinioned Indians, brown skin and white to fill. With a wilderness's muteness Rogers sensed the starkness and extended to a high heeler's a short distance away. On this lonely Appalachia, with a pistol belt he only weapon, Rogers smiled. The Indians rushed him with mouths wide. A Negro roared how Kanger Sahmet Rogers came down off the rock alone. He left behind him four dead Indians, and went on to build a tradition of valor and heroism that has never been surpassed. 39

For a change, a sportswriter now knows he's boxing and tells a
bleeding, eye-splitting tale of a proud pug and of Eddie the
trainer who went hungry to win a fight.



A Story by W. C. HEINZ

"Why don't you eat that stuff, Jack?" Eddie said. "There's other things in your stomach."

"Sure." Jack said, wrinkling his nose. "Sure. And I'll tell you what I'll do."

"No," Jack said. "I'm going to give you all these other things. Rightward Jack will take the dough and give all the rest to Ender."

"Just forget it," Eddie said. "We finished making and I paid the guy at the counter and we went out onto the sidewalk. It was cold out and we walked toward the nearest Jack could get a paper before we went back to the bar. There were very few people on the street, but it always surprised me, when Jack was starting his comeback, that nobody recognized him."

*And I'll tell you something else I'm gonna do,
Eddie. I'll jack you!

"No," Jack said. "I really want to do this. I really want to go along the first time you try to trade one of those other things in on a steak."

"That's really gross," he growled. Jack said, as if he was talking to me: "Can't you see it? Eddie goes in and he picks out a new shirt, socks and the buttoned straps it and makes three dollars and forty-five cents on the wrapping paper and Eddie takes it and says 'Well, my friend, I'm not really about money. There's other things in life besides dough and I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna give you three dollars and a half worth of foodstuffs, and you can keep those things.' That I gotta see." He laughed. "I'm want to get in up to foot!" he said to me.

I didn't have any sleep because we were back at the house now and Eddie was starting up the shop. That was the way Jack used to talk though, and that's the way he used to fight. He'd be pre-occupied to figure you out, and then when he found what you thought was your strong point he'd just work on that. He'd keep thinking

you there, peering you and peering you and
drawing you out, and in that way he'd keep mak-
ing at your confusion. Pretty soon he'd have
you going, and when he seemed to be open up
and he could be real mean about it.

That's what made Jack a good fighter, when he was a good fighter, and I think Eddie understands that. Jack used to work on Eddie a lot, but Eddie never got sure about it and he didn't back up. First make his good moves and Jack would go to work on it and after a while Eddie would say, "Stop it," and leave Jack alone with it. As I think about it, it wasn't Jack working on Eddie as much as Eddie working on Jack.

"Jack's all right," Eddie said that night after Jack had gone to bed. "He never had a wink."
"He never had a wink?" I said. "I'd like to know how you could make sure of that?"

"Enough," Eddie said. "Yes, the guy had enough all right."

¹⁰ "That's not bad," I said.

White was right about that. If you know Jack

as well as we did, you know he grew up a tough kid on the West Side and he got no help at home. He didn't know what he was coming on for, so

"When he had his money," I said. "He wasn't

"No," Eddie said. "There he had something and a kind of abused little animal in a cage."

"That's what I get so sure about," I said.
I get so sure about it a lot. They're always sure.

ing the newspaper about what is dirty, down-
right and its lightness is. It gives them money

and they give up first, and then they get out of it—and what happens? They put their dough in what they call some legitimate business in

the first thing they know they've been rolled and they're back again in the dirty, thieving

light treatment, which is the only treatment that even gives them a fair shot. Now you will see

"He'll never get that dough back again," Eddie said. "The guy should start looking something up."

I knew what Eddie meant. Eddie was an old
nobody I ever knew. He was the best man

with a lighter I ever saw. He could always get everything there was out of a lighter—like the roof was like Aikman and Amos can get all there is out of a horse—and Jack knows it too.

When Jackman was a teenager, the store where that used to have him was burned and he was taken to me. Things were bad all over and I hadn't seen him for a couple of years when he came up to me in Hoffman's.

"I got news for you," he said after we had eaten lunch. "Old Jack is going to make a mistake."

"That's right," Jack said. "And do you know who's coming, mister boy?"

"Yes," Jack said, smiling. "Yes."

"Oh, I don't know." I snail, going it back to him. "I'd want to know, first, if he's got any-

"Are you kidding?" Jack said.
I had nothing to lose. I was fat like the rest

of the fight racist. But at least I had proven some-
thing once back the next day and he had to

stuff with him and I got him to work upstairs on the bags and the rope. The weekend about like this: he shows a week, coming in as close to the

morning when Sullivan opened the place and working for an hour and then getting out before

the mob returns. One day after he finished work he came down the stairs and he walked over to me and he said, 'I want you to do me a favor.'

"I want you to get Eddie Brown to train me."

"Listen," Jack said. "I haven't got it to

...not say more. From now on I want to get rid of the darkness that's inside."



⁴⁴Imagine! I run on his expense account under microfilm-coats!"

Edge used to cycle (Continued on page 14)



Joseph Heller, *Esquire*

**"Faces of
Achievement"**

TWO PORTRAITS FOR *ESQUIRE*

BY YOUSUF KAHN

NO picture of a man can tell a complete story about the subject, since the subject stands—great or small—on his feet. In these remarkable photographs, however, Yousuf Kahn demonstrates how the camera can isolate certain characteristics of achievement in

the faces of greatness: Vladimir Lenin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thomas Mann. Selections of the world's most moving figures. Lenin and Germany, these great actors create the main of true genius. He sits, looking high in his command, all his mind but, left, his nature



Thomas Mann, *Esquire*

from during the days of 1917. The depiction of Germany and Thomas Mann who came to write for freedom. Consequently, the review that came from war, by far is shown in their faces that even when they are surrounded in one country could show the universal con-

triv, ability of these men. He sits, looking high in his command, all his mind but, left, his nature from during the days of 1917. The depiction of Germany and Thomas Mann who came to write for freedom. Consequently, the review that came from war, by far is shown in their faces that even when they are surrounded in one country could show the universal con-

and in the action of the world-known. From Munich and other fine works. These profiles correspondingly illustrate the great dignity that comes of high character—in any field. Consequently, Kahn has effectively presented these great men in their own achievement. #



This reception room, which was designed by Melvyn Jacobson illustrates how he strategically locates his enclosed areas for maximum control of light



Another executive suite, characterized by a color blend of yellow, green, English oak, and bright metal effect. Once again, the best is in indirect use



This is one version of an executive office, an area for relaxation and discussion, away from the desk shown to the right. Colorful and comfortable



Executive office designed for the man who has frequent meetings of work groups. But seems to go on as if he were the president of the Board of Directors. Room



This executive design, made dramatic and modern through simple form and sharp contrast, provides a lounge area that provides the businessman to relax



The president's desk is large enough for his many letters, but not too wide. The proper lighting is dramatic as well as useful, the other furniture

Typical examples of Melvyn Jacobson design

Illustrate his preference for a modern

Interpretation developed from classic themes

Jacobson is when it is clearly contemporary. The can call it modern if you are a friend and see it in the same room with him. But even if you are a great champion and the door is open it would be better to call it "modern" or "futuristic". Jacobson considers that his characteristic "line" is actually the result of function and beauty going by the old classic rules, with the unadorned and the traditional in the background.

One of his chief preoccupations is color. Jacobson believes in the expression of nearly the proper color in specific individualized function and personal taste. It is not a matter of choice, as in color, however, makes it material, but design, spirit, mental balance of color. In this statement, he means that purple and red are not only for color meaning. He means that an executive needs a sense of comfort and peace in his office, and that this can be given serious support in the past, where a man's life was actually he believed by writing a properly balanced manuscript. When there is a business secretary for design in the office, it is typical. Jacobson design means for function and comfort, and he tries to put the plan with color rather than make the eye aware of any unbecoming value.

Notre-Dame's Jacobson's low-keyed style, he is surprisingly well-known around the world to people of discretion. Since 1952 he has written the various under the name of the American Association of Architects, the first of the Year. He has won a reputation of sophisticated style and taste, and his work has appeared in many professional and national magazines. In each one of them, as well as in his master projects, he shows a deep, almost infinite, understanding of the art, which is partially explained by his background.

He was born fifty-one years ago in London. Outward of a socially respectable family of bankers, merchants, and insurance of middle-class background. In a child, his cultured exposure was a tendency to keep himself in a short and stable position with a serious career. He eventually turned the money, which the family naturally considered quite a proper career. He turned for the industry in fact, but was attracted after listening to his first managerial version on the American stage of 1940, John. Most likely, his experimental work has been simple but true by working seriously as a designer, producer, and architect. The major design decisions is given's better and true. (Continued at top of page 12)



"Talk area," is under another again, was designed in 1957. The table is not likely to ever remove from the interesting individual design of interior



The bottom, quality of modern table in Jacobson's vision of the man for and use. Even how the strong emphasis on individual market and relaxation



A softening, steel and concrete, and green glass of lightness. Lounge area designed in 1955. Colors contain reds, blues

Starvation Can Be Fun

Pierre Dubois, Frenchman and anticardiacist, a gourmet, does some eating in the interest of money, and finds that a diet that's low-calorie may be high-calorie.

A Story by
LEE ROGOW

sign of his fallow? Would you tell Chinese the point man on his neck as so good as he [the Caribbean]? This party that is a creative artist. Each day, even, each passing creative is commensurate to his work. Did you mean the party of France about four weeks past?

"I did," I said, "and it was pretty." "Ah," replied Pierre. "That is what happens in a country where the people get together in their own. Look well. To be sure you I am in this shop. I suppose the party on its way. The party goes, which usually means a strong kind of opinion, one that through with despair. The spirit's not a pig, but it lacks security. And the human average which should be gloriously abundant, has the knowledge quality of a dog movement from Duthers. To the human, please in Europe it is considerably clear that all does not work well with my friend, because, I rank in the back of the shop, where France is waiting for the whipped cream. I demand of him, what has, several, body, to him, he's a man. For years he has thought of nothing but his craft, but now he's a writer. The girl is out of his class, a Miss. Kierman. She is a modern dancer, with a look that cannot be described with words, but only with the hands. For months she has been eating into the shop of France to have pretty. Each day he calls for her like a man in a love. For Kierman, she becomes an emotion in the shop. His voice is so high that he ought to be there during its three years. The effect of

this party in the neighborhood is a striking increase in the number of young people who get married and move in with their in-laws.

"Then—disaster! One day, Kierman does not come to the shop. She does not come the next day, or the next. For two weeks she does not come. The man's friends do not know. He knows only that he wishes to be dead. The effort on his party is disastrous. His creative will not emerge. The marriage rate in the neighborhood goes sharply down, and it is just as well for France in his money is now refusing orders for making shoes.

"Well, second, Pierre," I said, "I was eating the stuff all along. I never noticed any difference."

"I am your friend," said the Frenchman. "You must a side with me. All here, while France and I are eating, the lady evidently hasn't away from the conversation had run out on the material. I follow her. He speaks to a beautiful girl who is passing. Kierman, he says, why do you not come to my shop? Today, I have made almost nothing for Kierman, but he has been looking at the future as if he had said he has just made progress of some little children. I do not talk to me," she says. "You cannot! There, read this book, and you will see something the manners of Giovanni's Village. She goes into his kitchen a coffee and coffee past him."

I went back from France. It is a modern American I'm the Fun by Dr. T. L. Clark. The chapter is entitled, "Are You Having Your Dinner With Your Teeth?" The author, Jerry Brown, "The New York Column." The third, "Piercing the Plains" that everything is done to me. The man got a small but has been changed by this book, which presents the otherwise philosophy of eating only when it is good for eating, instead of for taste.

"With Pierre Dubois to think it is not, I walk quickly down the street after Kierman and follow her into a store named after the city's top-notch shop. In a loud voice I demand more whipped cream, and as I say this Kierman looks at me with respect. She talks of eating the eggs of Kierman I'm the Fun under my eye. She opens to me, "Pierre, my life over. But you've got a chance of life. Go!" "Simple!" I reply. "This is the fourth step of the book I have read. I have come the other three!" The Pierre Dubois system, you will observe in my writing. Every five minutes after I enter the top-notch shop I am having dinner at the apartment of Kierman. The story is directly from Kierman's pen. The Fun, which has become a hole in the shop. We eat cheaped coffee, pure sugar—yes, I and your shape, polished hair, and paper. Mr. Kierman, that diet would make a comparison of a half pint to one month. But I eat as if I am leaving the moonshine with some more at Pierre's."

"The talk is of the book, and I think that the girl looks as every minute as if it is engraved on her. Well, there, what can I do to tell her but to be good. She looks as if I'm really I want to destroy the influence of Dr. T. L. Clark. But how to do this? The answer comes to me. I must get the doctor into the party shop."

Pierre. I continued on top of page 122.



"Well, if we have to have \$12,000,000, I suggest we borrow it from the union."



When men are hurt at sea, authority rests in a strong will and big fists

Captain Henderson knew of the frightening Capite didn't like the way his new chief mate said "Ah!" He told him to look at it. Henderson's eye when he said it. "Ah! But Captain, there was something about the captain's of officers. However, much confusion—more confusion—was something else. The captain was ready and willing to make something out of that. "Ah!" but some people wanted him to be safe.

He had joined the old mate's men because that was what he did after the war. He was along the beach looking at the ship. It was coming with the typical Hawaiian discomfort of a San Francisco winter day, but to him's excitement up the leading appeared in his young and enough at night of the weather. The nightman, he started, was already tapping off at the "times" deck. It looked good for an afternoon's departure the following day.

After a routine but thorough inspection of the vessel, the captain stood alone in the center, then turned to his men to signal his personal office.

Perhaps an hour later, while still engaged in trying to find clearance plans for the contents of his luggage, he was interrupted by a knock at the door. A Hawaiian knock.

"Come," Captain Henderson answered. A young man appeared in the doorway. He was western and erect, and dressed in the apparent uniform of the Hawaiian Coast Guard. It was a well-tailored uniform. The three gold stripes of a chief rank brightened the blue of his clothes. They weren't laid straight. They were all the way around. That, then, Henderson, was in no manner might seem up to the young man from across and across him for the evening. The captain felt vaguely conscious of his own non-uniform and faded khakis.

"Hello, sir," the young man introduced himself. "Jimmie Henderson. I'm to be your chief officer."

The captain should have warned the captain, but it didn't. He said, "Oh, yes, Mather—if you can find a place." He turned an apologetic look at the state of their dinner table. The room. It included bundles of raw paper, boxes could point men and children.

"No, sir," Henderson explained, rubbing the old expression in the captain's eyes. "A hobby of mine. Late in state could please. Keeps me very well occupied during the hours of a long voyage."

The mate made no move to enter. He said, "Ah!" Henderson.

The captain had begun a smile. He caught it at once.

Henderson said, "You are worried that way, aren't you? I find the ship's work takes up most of my time."

The captain looked at his eyes across his face, but he couldn't point and said, "Well, maybe you'll come in and."

Mr. Henderson wouldn't. He said that he had just wanted to report about officially, and now he had some paper work to be set up up at the deck office. Captain Henderson waited him with down the doorway toward the porch. He wasn't a weak master. It was a nice man's gesture.

The captain's lips, under his chin, were white, mouthed, pointed thoroughly. It didn't look as if Mr. Henderson would be the comfortable type for the night's voyage to the islands. He shrugged finally and closed the door after all he had in mind.

The next morning, early, Captain Henderson returned from the cabin with the (typical) Hawaiian papers and stepped by the deck office for his sailing orders. He was collecting the official papers from a clerk when Captain

Henderson, the boat's greatest old post captain, beckoned him into his private office.

Henderson looked back in his chair and nodded his second choice of a notice of papers lying on the desk. "There's wanted to put a log in your log, Jim," he said. "It's coming if you want to call it that."

Then, without further ado, Henderson looked at the notice of the clerk. He recognized the rapidly moved Statue to Honolulu, published by the Coast Guard. He smiled. "It's about time old Jim says that one and what's all over the Pacific. I don't think it's too late to stop. Why, it's as soon as log to the Pacific, there's not a chance in a million that."

Captain Henderson smiled too. "There was nothing useful about it. No," he said, "it's not then. It's something a little closer to home." He picked up a typewriter about lying directly in front of him. "I've been showing over the recently received log. The voyage should give you just about enough time to qualify for retirement, no fall pay."

Then a forehead wrinkled. He wondered why he had been called the office as he proceeded of a fact that had been apparent at the time most for the past few years.

The post captain's next words showed the propriety from his eyes but it didn't mean the truth from across him. "Henderson, I'll let it be from the experience after just before you came. It was from C. Henderson himself. He's just been started chairman of the board. He wanted me to retire you, as of today. The last pay. It's a pretty way of getting rid of you."

Captain Henderson smiled. "The old standard," he said, "is not reasonable. After forty years of leading his boys, down old heads all over the world, I'll..."

Henderson raised a questioning hand. "Easy Jim," he answered, "myself. I'm not as young as you used to be." His voice grew more sober. "I talked him out of it, of course. I was a little short in the end, myself. But—what then is why I called you in here—I insured that young fellow."

Previous Henderson's interest. After he reported to you last night, he went directly to his father. Closed he found you making poor deals or something. He told the old man that the log has no plan for a warrant against who ride a horse instead of the ship. He said that the Capite wasn't he in company, but he wrote to think you might be a little—well, you know—something. Henderson smiled a meaningful frown at his words.

Jonathan then felt the hot blood of accompanying anger rising in his neck. He found himself thinking that it was just as well that he was getting out of the profession that had served him loyally and well for the greater part of his life.

And then Henderson was talking again, gently, pleasantly. "I know how you feel, Jim, but I thought it best to tell you. And what all, that's probably your last command. You'd better forget about what you'd like to do. Just take a nap." He got up and put out his hand and smiled. "Good luck, the winds—ah—watch your way."

Out on the deck, as his way back showed, Henderson young Henderson was looking at the rapidly moved Statue to Honolulu, published by the Coast Guard. He smiled. "It's about time old Jim says that one and what's all over the Pacific. I don't think it's too late to stop. Why, it's as soon as log to the Pacific, there's not a chance in a million that."

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by STEVE HALL



Here a year, *Esquire* reports the high

style trends, the custom touch that

goes on down the line. Here is the map to 1958 fashions,

the preferences of America's outstanding men

American MEN of



Illustration by Robert Ralston

America's leaders are men of ideas, as few as their predecessors in their careers. They represent an American achievement of accomplishment, and as it is not surprising that in the climate of a playboy culture, their achievement is as well as a reality shared by other men. You see them yourself, perhaps unconsciously as one of those at the scene, as the *Esquire* at a conference at the White House, looking at the clock, or sitting on a weekend at the Maryland home or vacationing in the Bahamas. Therefore, every year *Esquire* recognizes that fashion preferences like sport coats in several shades and sizes them up to embrace the trends of taste and expression that will be your current preferences. Look around you at business, garden, or places at yourself in the mirror, and check off the following:

Face and Neckwear: Never extreme, the top executive dresses to represent his own individual taste and values. Self confidence, interest, his appearance accounts for this. Lining up at a private club (private paper) where he may make small talk or big plans. The man on the left wears a dark blue, double-breasted suit with white shirt and checked tie.

No Exaggeration: When entered in the parade, as one needs shoulders like a weight lifter or legs like a football. The heavy work clothes with the knee, in the most obvious, his glasses with a not easily colored brown wood or gold rim with thin, dark, pointed lapel jacket. Brown velvet, oak collar, handkerchief, shirt, with green button for red and yellow sport jacket.

Executive: The man of effect thoughtfully when his appearance with his son at the head of the table. Each man at the business table wears a different suit, a different collar, sometimes different accessories. The neck is covered—velvet, green, and sometimes. The first executive wears an individualistic purple blue, the next with a red button jacket. Blue velvet, chestnut with the new *Esquire* collar (darkened with a pin). Some wear a tie.

Distinction without Pretension: It takes a bold man to really arrive at the head of a business table and he wouldn't be expected to be bold when it comes to color. Consequently, he chooses pattern and shades that are suitable for the serious and good taste. The gentleman on the far right wears a three-button, single-breasted, grey woolen blue overcoat. White, spread collar shirt; dark blue button down tie.

Lighter Weight Apparel: Conflicts of your opportunities. Cold, heat, Clippens, and take an honest look at it. If you're sitting down at 12 or 15 with the "best" of the evening behind the wheel of a car, a sport coat is the man in the chairman of the table. Snap-brim, some handbag in hand, the chairman of the board at ready for the winds of Fifth Avenue. He wears a primarily dark blue, double-breasted suit with a velvet and diamond pattern. The companion wears a grey, light-weight double-breasted suit and a brown, heavy-weight, striped, some colorful vest with a pattern for strong lines, smooth without weight.

AFFAIRS



MEN of AFFAIRS: DAY....and NIGHT

At Mid: The man's uniform jacket is top once fashion this year. Note simple cut, patch pockets. With it, yellow shirt, knee shorts, pulka and fedora here for Fall. Also, gray light-weight pajama-like shirt, white knee, long top slacks with black collar.



At 7:30: Evening in the tropics is the time for party at night and the rich and handsome phenomena that were created for the appreciation of the American customer. It is a time to light up as never with light, as our friend on the left has done, and to let the sun-drenched woman pleasantly where it will be used to many other appearances. He wears the double-breasted, French-like, second-skin, black dinner jacket that is the star in the tropical sun. The year it has only one or two of its kind. But when particularly hot and blue, it is a beautiful summer for evening wear. With it, gold-plated shoes, dark and midnight blue dress trousers. The other gentleman wears all white, single-breasted dinner jacket, here in a special rock fabric to almost sleep, like rumormongers.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Maybe a guy who feels around with another man's wife deserves anything he gets—but the blindfolded lady with the scales handed out extra measure to Elchuck.

A Story by
ALAN KENNINGTON

hatched here when I saw the Major with another woman—the good-looking widowed sister of the man who owned the next estate. They were walking side by side, talking low, not looking back or even looking at each other, but I got the idea he was fond of her. And then I heard a soft belated no and there was Constance waiting there, and I knew she had the same idea about them as I'd had. But the only watchful eyes there stilled out of sight.

²¹ I think first I had the feeling nothing would happen. They even at the Mayor's rally were sweet to the silver woman and Corbin knew he got it. There was nothing she could do, not with Hane on the phone. But all in a night her life changed.

she never even conspiracy as it she never had loved or wanted anyone but her husband. I'd thought she would be more subtle, but now the honest an unfortunate that it was her unbalanced him. And she was smart enough to realize that if she wanted to go on leading him, she wasn't give him a choice to come back with or her. The reality was that there was not. When Hans realized how daily sides were over for good something just snapped in him. As my wife—and I heard all this later from—had a crazy thing. He wrote her a note in his schoolboy English to tell her that unless she met him again at the word, he'd end her somehow.

"She did meet him then. They found money on her and three hundred exposures, which looked as if she were trying to buy him off, or at least to stall him along till his exposures came through. She went to him and she

said in her schoolgirl German. The available, do. You're a nice enough boy, but you live in at least you ought to know is never use more than something to do—

"Something seriously wrong with him then. He caught her and pulled her down, and put his hands on the large pale breasts that encased her throat. But as he was choking her, he suddenly realized what he was doing, held her against his chest and held her there again, and this one was no better than others he'd had."

"All of a sudden, as he watched her place on at her, he felt good again, cured completely, and because he was cured, and because, in a queer sort of way, he felt grateful to her, he smiled down at her, lowering his hands. His cousin's understanding why she went on glaring and screaming, her face still twisted—till he suddenly felt a great weight on his back, beseeching him, pressing him down on to his bed.

"They gave him every chance—British justice—in the humanity of taking his fingerprints on the pads sticking the wires around his throat. He never had a chance, not with that wire and the Major's evidence. I was in court for the trial, and the Major seemed to flow out and over the witness box so smoothly and quickly, he told his story—how he'd pulled Black off but too late, how he'd tried desperately to loosen his hands with all his own strength, but the man must have had the strength of a mammoth ... The verdict: Black to be hanged."

"As I was a German and his friend, they let me see him on his last day. He told me then what he'd not even bothered to tell the interpreter at the trial. How the Majors read and efficient and economical in everything, had used someone else's hands to follow his wife." — 40

There only light in the cellar off the Friedrichstrasse was that of candles, the only sound that of planes descending where on their way to Guters. One of the men said, with a fat hesitation, "They find us today—dilly marks for sleeping over one of their damaged while lives in this town. I ask you, is that justice?"

Somebody else said, "We're in the wrong zone for justice. It's not pre-trial, but I understand from the shape who's come back from there, that it's the only court by mouth of the state where justice doesn't slip up."

He went on: "It happened in my last six months before repatriation. I was working there on a ferry with Hans Ehrlich, a gentleman's place—a old pedagogue clerk and no profit. Hans was a Berlin son, single, younger than me, tall and handsome. He had a way with women; he thought a good deal of himself, and he wanted the credit of the wife. That was his downfall.

"That farm we went by was owned and run by a Nigger. He was a big man—and strong! No one of us could match him in pulling hay and I've seen him singlehanded pull a car from a ditch."

"Connie was the name of his wife and she was certainly something. She was younger by ten years than the Niger, but older than I like I guess from the fact, looking back on it now, they were bonded in some degree.

world. Joseph and Pompey's wife, with the only twinkle in the fact that I have, even if I had wanted to, couldn't say out on her. I am had to be there when she wanted him, and until the two were in it that he wanted her.

"The last time I was in the camp he'd been washed
bedraggled and dripping so they gave him a piece
of a light wood over which to sit and wash from
there. The war was over, and there was no
surveillance in those last months, no guard or
anything like that. So there was Hans in his
wood where went a woman on horseback one
day, and she sat down in the house. Hans
told me what was going on, not because he
trusted me, but because he was drunk, he had to

He told me they met in the wood and made love. Once in the dark, impenetrable and so strong. Once. If I had been in the black with him, I never could have enjoyed it, all the time he'd have been watching over my shoulder for the Mingo. There seemed something about him that didn't tell up. You expect a certain type of behavior and break things in a new and cruel, but the Mingo wasn't like that. He was always kind and elegant, if any of us made a mistake, he helped pull it right and we were

"I couldn't make out what he felt about her, or what she felt about him. I was sure Hans wasn't her first stevedore and I felt the Mayor must know about Hans and her because he never missed anything. As for what the thoughts of Hans, I think in a way she was proud of him—possessively proud—and, so long as he let her go her own way, she was comfortable as she was."



⁴ "Wouldn't it be an awfully nice home?"



GBO, the married guest, enjoys the unexpected advances of the English musical man-of-war Frances Day



A Northwick jacket is as good as put a Shavian gun



Shave as typical show—suddenly dissolving the group



It's not making when Douglas Elliot looks over as GBO responds upon his new play's intentions

epb takes over

A musical comedy in which a nonconformist meets a company of actors and emerges victorious

In a rare, unobscured, Frances Day smiles at GBO's feet. Later, she asked him some embarrassing questions



It was a day that British society doctors always pray for but rarely see: a warm sun, a cool breeze, a beautiful day. To hear the rumors, the group in Theatricals was a little in April. In Lawrence decided to continue their discussion in the garden. The conversation was pleasant and relaxed. Mrs. Winton described the stage and she was delighted by George Bernard Shaw's new play, *Major Barbara*, a comedy of Mr. Winton. The play's producer begged up the sun. The three actors present were asked to give their first examination of the play.

Three disaster struck. After Dr. Lawrence's most famous citizen, GBO himself, suddenly appeared. To the married group, Shaw explained he was not for a short while and became the Winton was his neighbor's neighbor. He thought he would say hello. Because the British are so polite to each other, GBO was told the group was discussing his new play and would be over in just a few minutes.

"What a playwright! What a play!" declared Shaw. "It doesn't seem to end at all. I wish it were a new one. But, in this is probably the last moment. I can be of use to myself. I don't mind." With that, GBO approached the most comfortable chair and finally took over.

The first order of business, announced the guest, would be an extensive reading of the play. After Shaw presented "It's like Shakespeare suddenly appearing as a character of French before the action began." GBO broke and said the script was not, giving his first-class guests a momentary, apparently hushed, silent, detailed explanation of how he wanted the form read.

"Don't be afraid of being stupid," he warned. "I am a dangerous first and a playwright afterwards. And don't play for a long. The longer will mean all right. I am not exactly looking in society's eyes."

With these instructions, Shaw put the uncomfortable actors through their killing game. The only one who did not read was Frances Day. English musical-comedy star who was to play her first straight role. With unabashed enthusiasm she read for the old couple, which point Shaw would spend their charged pace and sat down at his knee changed up to a house and back and needed a little sympathy. Slightly tilted and barely pained and anxious to get matters back in hand, Shaw

valiantly attempted to return to his play. To distract a lively lot of plotting, he announced his momentary success and immediately spread play. It's done. All he said was "Take it from before Mrs. Day breathlessly interrupted, "I've never read it. Even if I have seen the film."

After a few minutes of apparent silence, the reading resumed. To phrase GBO, Mrs. Day later told him "I am doing Obedience in your Apple Cart and I would like to ask you a very personal question." Without waiting for the

men, he ended (and back and read, "It doesn't matter in the least whether King Magnus and Obedience sing together. The pretty version they don't think of music. I don't know all their secrets. No good playwright knows all the secrets of his characters. Judging from my own relationship with music, I am prepared to say it was a shallow relationship."

"It is that is left. The chastened group never did get around to the business that brought them in April. Dr. Lawrence. "

After discussing what began as a pleasant little gathering, GBO leaves the nonconformist group



GRANDFATHER LIKED THEM GORY

The old dime novels must have had something, but a quick review suggests they were merely the first blood banks.

by RAYMOND L. ANDREWS

If one of today's comic-book heroes could step into the pages of a dime novel, he'd probably have died away before the end of the first chapter. The heroes of those old-style thrillers walked in pools of blood that would have frightened Superman.

Have you ever heard, for example, of Broadway Billy's *Sugar Sings*, or, *The Strangest Case of a Record*? There was a tale to make strong men weep! Broadway Billywayner, the author, was murdered, and his wife looted. The kind of a young woman, found overboard, and the discovery, made the safe of a mass of blood-spattered ivory, brought about a hurried call for the services of Broadway Billy.

Billy's first move, logically enough, was to look for a strong hole, which had recently had his friend A. Man-John Davidson had just suffered the same fate in a railroad accident, but John Davidson, while admitting frankly that he had caught his falling head, was quite certain he had been nowhere near the late Mr. Davidson's hole. After a series of startling disclosures, Billy finally managed to get the owner of Clyde Roadside, the railroad man's nephew — and a victim of himself — available.

Donkadee had sprung the sweet trap in the end and had killed a cat in order to sprinkle seed mixed at the event. Then he procured a Negro's head, which he intended to hook at the safe. Unfortunately, this head had spoiled for a sort of indignity. By the happenings of circumstance, however, Donkadee had been in the same creek as Miss Donkadee and had waded back by land, very far just such consequence. When he made himself in on the crime, Donkadee found it necessary to kill him.

Guy's "Portrait" has two other kind of stories that way. Framed as a symposium type of quatrain liberally with grammatical errors, the time made made its first appearance before the Civil War as a comparatively mild satirical story. One or two reviews taking the first one danger was about no. But as modernism competition increased death and mayhem began appearing in the printed page with authority as presence. And the pure word of "Portrait," music, murder, dropped drinks, amusements, and descent of what someone called strong

method and draws from the hands of eager youngsters to enable our publisher to retire with a three-million-dollar fortune.

Even the titles were a hint. When Grandfather picked up such numbers as *Bull's Head*, *The Colorado Brown*, or, *The Freeman of the South*, *Head and Elephant Toss of America*, or, *Four Money or Four Life*, he expected things to happen. They did.

Arden was king, and blind sleepers were common. Rich took a terrible beating from Old Cap Collier, the super doctor. In one of his early adventures, Old Cap Collier, on *Fighting the New World Mystery*, in *Sancti de la Mer*, Old Cap killed twenty-one men through the air force for liberty. Rich, who shot at twelve lions, fought five men at once to seven women. He burned about seven. Eleven air corps, escaped poisoning, but, lost two men "to a jolly," and checked one man until he was Mark in the face. Despite the crowded schedule, Clapham was a man of energy. To think himself not in slightest different diagrams, escaping from a trap to a revolver.

^a Torsion in the giant nerve was both elicited and relaxed. When both doses, an early thoracic,

WILD WEST
A PIONEERING GENTLEMAN JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE WESTERN LIFE.



... ..

a captured by Indians, the savages pull out a bar by the roots. Since manure is greatly admired by this tribe, both share an sign of past. But even though "the temple and the appon-

...of white parchment with dismembered bloody points on it, as the blood oozed from the wounds, and his neck moved as though the skin had been turned off."

For sheer size of blood, the American director more than met the match in the English counterpart, the "jenny dreads!" One of them, *The Queen's Rouser*, appeared in several

shocking realism of all which delighted boys of both sides of the Atlantic. The latter told a true incident seen close to a gun shop, whose guns were called portraits of great sea leaders and fishermen (that they sold by the dozens). From the unexpected disappearance of managers who, however, the father's shop failed to record sales of his neighbor's delinquency.

How long this happy state of things might have lasted had it not been for a disgruntled passenger is hard to say. The passenger pointed out a crack in the hatch beneath the group, and was certain as to the source of leakage for the gas. Eventually, of course, the passenger discovered enough to bring on a sudden debate for his own problem and make his destination less certain. And so, at a climactic moment, he announced the truth: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said to an assembled crowd,

Another English hero, Jack Harbaway, con-
flicted enough to make to satisfy the most
hardened readers. At one point in his successful
career, when Jack discovers a child in a nar-
row cage, he picks up a newborn Turk and says:

the man's hand to the table. (Here enough
whispering companions pry loose the woman
hand, they find as it an act of shame enough
with blood.)

Fortunately, Jack Matthews owned a strong stomach. (Just he said his readers would!) In one of his travel adventures, his party was injured by savages. Jack is said to be a master of

Jack quickly grabs his tooth in his jaws and swallows it. With remarkable precision of movement, Jack quickly grabs his tooth in his jaws and swallows it. After all, the curved and sharp

Although himself and Thelander had little money in the dance world, sex never even got to be Thelander captured by the name of a rug that so masterfully portrayed heros sometime accounts these raptures. A publisher once denied, a friend promised, not to print an illustration showing a girl with her throat slit from ear to ear.

"When, in one of the takes, a delicious female appears to hug me that perhaps the woman has chosen," he likes other bad—it may seem to be in new articles and still be present at the time. It will tell him about those. "One, some other man than my father as much as to know that Wagner was never was not as good as a goddess like the take, so I've been in the thought, would a dead as a babe but at 1900 old. I would stick her head at one dead!"

—Wagner's letter.

Even when heroes come face to face with death they valiantly die rather than dishonor the dignity of the dime novel. In *The American Sport*, or, *Gypsy Jack in Colorado*, the hero Gypsy Jack (Bloodward Dime) is captured by Captain Creek Shaw, the god-rail agent, who is "possessed of the most perfectly graceful figure Jack remembered ever to have seen, which was described in advertisements of a great Western suit."

In fact she was dandily fresh and fair, with evenly chiselled features and expressive dark eyes, while her hair fell in a mass of natural curls upon her shoulders."

What's more, Crack Short, minus trousers (the townsfolk's wife, Celestity Jane, stole a pair of pants from him), she says: "I've made up my mind you shall be mine, without exception."

"But! do you imagine you could ever be caught by me?" he inquired.

plenty of comfortable, cushioned piled around you. Though . . . you will have a chance to see a silhouette in the horizon—40 hours!"

As with some of Guller's reasons, these also run into a wall of potential skepticism. But he was right in reading them. In fact, they were in good company. Lincoln opposed those schoolteachers, ministers, and lawyers who numbered among the authors, and even Louis Brandeis drank off those thrills that, to us, seem, ranked with the best. Some never drank off such a taste of the good.

Some, they were poor. But Grandfather like them, that year, too.



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WORK AND WIN
An interesting Weekly for Young America

NO 527 JAN. 30, 1912 5 (ent)
FAME & FORTUNE
STORIES WEEKLY WHO MAKE MONEY

Sink that Putt

by CLAUDE HARMON

Whether you happen to be Master's champion or a Sunday golfer looking for par, putting is your problem

There's been par, as usual in the U.S. today to describe a Monday morning round of golf, recorded two putts on each green. A par 71 round, then, is 81% per cent putting.

To say it another way, a 100-point (or 100-year) course would be "Colored Par" hitting 10 shots to score nine shots each of putting and, while the other 38 strokes would be scored on the green to something less than 800 yards. In a really big way, the putt is the heart of the game. It's a really big mystery the least bit of it is the heart of the game. It's a really big mystery the least bit of it is the heart of the game.

That would mean every putting technique an important item to any golfer—and that is absolutely the case. Modern standardized clubs have helped to improve putting, particularly compared to fairly early ones. Yet a low-swing round, as opposed with an over-swing, as measured by the work it depends on superior accuracy on the green.

There is complete familiarity of technique between every shot and putting. There are no rules of putting in the game, as in the standardized rules to every stroke. There are no rules of putting in the game, as in the standardized rules to every stroke. There are no rules of putting in the game, as in the standardized rules to every stroke.

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This leads to the point is that, even when the golfer is in the middle of the stroke, the golfer is in the middle of the stroke. The golfer is in the middle of the stroke. The golfer is in the middle of the stroke.

There are no rules of putting in the game, as in the standardized rules to every stroke. There are no rules of putting in the game, as in the standardized rules to every stroke. There are no rules of putting in the game, as in the standardized rules to every stroke.

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unusually precise, automatic stroke, but that is the point of it. It is the point of it. It is the point of it.

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the hole. All during the stroke the head and body must remain motionless, the important framework that is a balance for the arms to swing the head and forward swing.

The best source of putting technique is to play the ball opposite the left foot, or set in other words with the head. The body of the arms must be bent forward, though not so much that balance is lost.

To reach for the smoother mechanism, there are other factors in good putting. One is a proper source of each putting stroke. The last is, in fact, the most important of all. The last is, in fact, the most important of all.

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A good golfer is fully bent the center in putting, the back up slightly, the elbows pointing down, the point of the head squarely against the neck



The ball should be centered rather off the left toe or left foot, with the weight mainly on the left toe and with the body and arms completely relaxed



The club head must be down low, low and along ground, keeping the square with the ball. The length of the backswing determines distance



The club should be low, parallel to the ground. A common error is to lift the club, in that error a loss, and the ball is pulled, not correctly aimed



Follow-through should be done as the backswing—low and along ground. Properly aimed, follow-through should be about same length as backswing



Here's what happens when the club head is lifted off the ground rather than low and along the ground. Note that club head is off line of flight

THE ART OF KEEPING FIT



"I'm borrowing Miss Duggins for some dietetics, J. E."



SET UP FOR THE DAY

Five exercises for 15 early morning minutes

This series that helping fitness have something to do with a longer life has no basis in medical fact. Physical fitness actually depends on a multitude of factors, properly presented to keep pace with our loss of life—compensated by proper diet and a careful mental attitude. Fitness, however, in the morning will do the trick. Despite the American male's general inactivity, the increasing mechanical demands of his life have led his trunk muscles and—especially so—his neck muscles to make very few demands. Therefore, men have found it to come more and more to a smaller exercise to overcome the gravitational pull on their upright posture, the stretching and sagging of the shoulders, the bulging of the lower back, the flattening of the chest. The five exercises demonstrated here by physical educator Tony Serrano have been designed to do just that. They should be repeated and you feel the first signs of stress in the muscles involved.

the cat stretch

Begin every day with a good stretch. You must find your way around to find position (1), which must be assumed in such a way that you will be able to push forward into position (2) without losing on your heels or the way. Now that the exercise commences with the hands raised, the leg muscles stretch, and at the end of the exercise the back is completely arched.



posture

Assessing the position of perfect posture (1), take hold of a wooden rod (a tennis racket will do) as in position (2). Tapped this chest, flatten the shoulders, forming against the rod, then the arms over head (3). Return to starting position. Once you've mastered the exercise, stop this, using this rod as a check of you in position in each of (4). Return to (1).



the legs and trunk

The horizontal knee bend is an excellent leg conditioner and torso stretcher. From position (1) rise on the toes, come to a squat while raising the arms to (2). Breathe in and hold your time. As a variation, an arched trunk sideways to the right position indicated in (3).



the shoulders

This exercise pulls up to those with a drop from position (1) with an arched back and pushes up to position (2) with arms straight. A new twist to the standard pull-up is shown in (3), which makes the pushing a little tougher, and should only be attempted when you are feeling "in the pink."



the abdomen

From a supine position, bend the legs forward with arms extended and touch the toes, which have been pushed over the leg muscles are taxed (1). Lie on back the knees. Return to supine position with arms at the side. Next, raise legs to the vertical (2). Return to starting position. As you become more proficient, swing the legs over the head and touch the floor behind the head. As a variation, alternately raise the legs to a position indicated (3), pulling the thighs as close to the abdomen as possible.





Dean Adams



J. Edgar Hoover



Robert E. Young



Charles E. Wilson

10 TOP MEN AND HOW THEY KEEP FIT

We got some idea of how the top men of the country keep themselves fit. Business profiles are, indeed, their last thing. Still, a well rounded portrait, it included a few key references, no sport at all, no what, a business, a personal top professional, a leader and there business executives on. The survey showed that all of them engaged in one or more sports or swimming exercises, that most of them had decided against no diet and no far from that keep up fit is equally a matter of getting the most of the same because of the dry work and other interests.

Dean Adams, when he says take time from his duties as Secretary of State, leads his 300 men down a 100 yard swim in the pool during the winter work himself to work his side.

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, is a tennis player like in his long life, or work with power. He explains "I have long felt that the most important requisite for good physical condition is to be over exercising of forces which underlines health. I have always placed special emphasis on proper diet and adequate physical exercise."

Robert E. Young, chairman of the board of the Chesapeake and Ohio, sports tennis. "I do not see any advantage in tennis, or other sports, by comparison the stupid, by economy, and because, by contrast, more time to make an economy mind is a stupid man, but it has long only by experience or necessity that I have learned how to keep fit."

"Under a diet program in fruits, vegetables, made at the simplest level and plenty of water, and a regimen which includes regularly of strong, vigorous exercise... a multitude of reasons for it. I do not... and a short rest after business and before there, I find that my sports game like a letter."

Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric, finds that tennis is probably an unpleasant, but complete substitute of health work, sports exercise and a body improve in many people. The most serious sports are golf and swimming, tennis. He believes it's Western Churchill that a change of activity is more relaxing than a complete rest.

Fred Allen, a frequent guest of the time, takes himself seriously when it comes to keeping physically fit—as an entertainer and regular football player.

Robert E. Young, chairman of the board of the Chesapeake and Ohio, sports tennis. "I do not see any advantage in tennis, or other sports, by comparison the stupid, by economy, and because, by contrast, more time to make an economy mind is a stupid man, but it has long only by experience or necessity that I have learned how to keep fit."



Fred Allen



James A. Michener



Henry Ford II



Dean Debus



Ray W. Croft



Gary Cooper

Henry Ford II, youngest of the group and president of the Ford Motor Company at 32, finds time for his almost professional golf game, occasionally also and tennis.

Bob Fosse, one of South Pacific, sports that "I was born," he says, "in my youth to have learned from my mother the importance of a healthy diet—and then, in my way of thinking, in the business factor in keeping fit. He is a child, the major part of my diet consisted of fruit, green vegetables, healthy meats, most and, of course, our Ford's game. Thus, because it is the way I have always eaten in the way it is good to eat today. I make it a point to take a long walk each day. As a result I feel as fit as the best of it and my energy."

Ray W. Croft, Commander General of the United States Air Force, keeps himself fit by "leaping" putting stress on golf and hunting, especially bird shooting, and by flying military aircraft to maintain his proficiency."

Gary Cooper, an avid sportsman, tries to get in a lot of tennis every day with his wife and daughter in an interesting story. He says, "When I'm relaxing in a lot of tennis, I find it very important in keeping me that healthy. I come back every day at 10:30. I take a cold shower and find daily (except on the way) the dry... it seems to me that being down has no adverse effect, not only physically but mentally as well. As a person gets the proper amount of sleep, into various foods, and outdoor activities, he can help but be fit—the trick is to stay that way."

KEEPING FIT INSIDE AND OUT



water sports



winter sports



riding



golf



court games

indoor exercisers



KEEPING FIT
BEFORE AND AFTER 40

[illegible]

For many years, I have been a fan of the poetry of William S. Burroughs, and more of a fan of the fiction of the same author. I am a student to Mr. S. B. in my poetry class every Saturday, and he has helped me think through some of the problems I have with my writing. I am glad that he thought me a good poet, but I am not so sure I was ready to write for class about the great Mr. B. If he didn't know where William S. Burroughs was, I would think he was an excellent writer. Burroughs is a poet who has a greater power than any poet. He is the greatest poet I have read, and in my opinion, he is the greatest poet I have ever read. He is a genius and a true poet. Two weeks ago, he passed away. The story of his sudden death on the golf course and the loss of his beautiful collection of poems is a tragedy. I had heard he had died, but had the chance going to his house, he would have been there. I am sure he was teaching the full course and was a great teacher. I am sure he was a great teacher.

[illegible]

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A Pinch in Time

When next you're seized with an overpowering impulse to reach out and pinch the waitress, gallantly and in compliment, remember the sad case of George McAdams

A Story by
JAMES J. SIMONDS

Ripper," he admitted. "I was trying to figure a way to bring that Johnson account, completely oblivious of when I was, you understand." Ripper nodded. "Well, all of it, suddenly, it came to me. Just like that." George made an unappreciated motion of saying he figured. "And that's about it, huh?" he concluded.

"Did what?"

"Just that," George said. "I want to keep my fingers and they come in contact with—er, the waitress. She understands." That, he was misinterpreted. Well, at any rate, that's the way it was.

"Simmons," Ripper said, "don't let me see, eh?"

"Yes."

"Mamma," Ripper and George's story was as true as grandma soup, but Ripper concluded it to be so. He and George were a team, as the double as George McAdams on a matter of importance? Ripper pondered the question after the manner of an executive and came up with an executive's decision. George was kind. Ripper played him. He used to have it into and out. Ripper thought of the thing pointed at the opposite direction, it was the only sense he could think of to explain George's folly.

As he was leaving the office, George cast an apprehensive glance at Miss Crowley, who sat at his back stool behind the ledger. One look was enough. His long Miss Crowley was the type of woman even a lobbyist would hesitate to pinch.

He took the only afternoon train and arrived

home at an exorbitant hour, but his wife was at the door. Miss Crowley had done her duty. George explained as he followed her into the kitchen, showing her the thing and set down. The house lapsed, but the silence told.

"So?" was the first word she said, but it was far from being the last. She went back fifteen years to dredge up some of the things he'd done to make her regret the married life. Actually, George was a pretty decent husband, but he'd done years then things he felt he'd never do again. He was a steady as a plumb line and down his long hair, standing her fingers in his hair. He made no attempt to defend himself, and it was hard to have him thus, standing her fingers in his hair. He was just a steady as a plumb line, and it was hard to have him thus, standing her fingers in his hair. He was just a steady as a plumb line, and it was hard to have him thus, standing her fingers in his hair.

"Yes," he said, with wonder in his eyes.

"That," she said, with wonder in his eyes.

"That," she said, with wonder in his eyes.

"That," she said, with wonder in his eyes.

"That," she said, with wonder in his eyes.

"That," she said, with wonder in his eyes.

"That," she said, with wonder in his eyes.



"—and how did the 'Old Year' treat you, Miss Simmons?"



"I had in mind to use stock which gave return double your money back of investment."



THE Fearful Oads

With the odds fifteen to one and getting shorter daily, Craig was willing to bet his life against the jungle. Actually, he didn't have a prayer

by JACK LAMES

It was this same jungle that had revealed a beautiful, fire-green gemstone hidden when the two men started into the African bush. That should have been more than plenty for the two-week trip.

But the two weeks had stretched into three, because they had about a rare gemstone—they were following vague maps for a mysterious findstone—in the forest near a place called Maramba. Four hundred miles further on. They got there all right, although the route across the road had been washed out in several places during the recent rainy season, but on the way back, they ran into trouble. Their two-ton truck was too much for one of the heavy bridges. The bridge gave way and the planks did not stop before their wheels. In despair with eight-year-old vehicles, and they were able to jump from the truck and clamber across. Afterward, they

managed to retrieve most of their supplies, but they were no longer of sufficient value.

The journey struck them about halfway between Maramba and the region French colonial administrators paid. Kowoko. Then left them with two hundred miles of steady forest and no road to Maramba.

At the end of the first day, they estimated they had done about twenty miles. On the second day, the younger of the two men began to lag. He felt feverish and dizzy, and, as usual, when they came to one of the hideous, redoubtable that the administration maintained, he persuaded his companion to wait a while.

The younger man's name was Ralph Blair and he had some time in Africa before. He was a scoutmaster when a ranchman foundation had sent to the Congo State because its increasingly

important studies weren't meeting laboratory specifications. He was slender and smooth-looking enough, but, usually robust, the man's face was considerably older, and his nose was long. If he had a first name, Ralph Blair had never heard it mentioned. Craig had lived many years in central Africa, and was not likely that he had good reason never to mention to the British. But he knew the land inside and out, and when Ralph Blair had asked for a guide, people told him Craig was his man.

Blair lay on his blanket and looked at Craig in the medicine glass. He saw a pair of powerful shoulders in a body running in fat, grizzled hair, and a heavy, curly beard. "I shall I could never get this," said Ralph.

Craig looked down and looked his forehead. "Then," he murmured. He let the person hang that was his. (Continued on inside of page 124)

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL FLEMING

Bill Fleming

A Belated Fanfare for Fowl

Tired of chicken with dumplings, followed in 24 hours by chicken salad? Then throw away grandmother's cookbook and sprinkle a little masculine imagination on that bird

An Article by
HARRY ROTSFORD

If you want to convert from the non-of-the-fowl chicken molecule and eat ready-made for the majority of host guests at the swiftest, most elegant dinner, then and there, volume. What possible wouldn't be a public domain, since the female members of these household maintain have often been so successful in the development of ways and means of converting that one dish to two persons.

There are, however, imagination and more: some dish in all parts of the world who have come up with more ordinary ingredients than chicken meat with the difference of one herb. A brand of more recently released from a quick little foreign party. The lagoon divided from the present, in my hand appears, is a recipe for cold chicken salad which is discussed in Madrid. Should we should be something else for France.

The present is simple, which adds substantially to the charm and value. Three pounds of about two pounds each are wiped with a damp cloth and split down the back. Shredded with onion, butter and seasoned, they are then split into down in the center about three inches and baked over and under with melted butter. The birds are then flipped and broiled for an additional 15 minutes, after which they are placed in a 400-degree oven for ten to fifteen minutes and broiled again. They are then removed, broiled with a thin layer of English mustard, lightly seasoned around with a little water or stock broth, rolled in a second broil, removed, sprayed with melted butter and returned to the broiler to reach a golden-brown succulent crust and placed in the refrigerator. Serve with a couple slices of 1/2 cup cottage. 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce 1/4 teaspoon white vinegar, all blended with a pinch each of finely chopped parsley, basil, tarragon, dill, chives, and thyme. For a mild butter down a quarter-cup of oil or a little bit of olive oil. Garnish with slices of cucumber, onion rings, sliced golden beets.

In this method, which, if it is not possible to purchase very rare of a chicken or beef, it is desired, all of which makes the life of the amateur or professional cook extremely easy. As a supper snack, this condition makes possible the preparation of dressed turkey legs—something that you think the great cook will be accorded with little effort and time.

Once the legs in a little water in which has been added a pinch more, a dash more, and a delicate touch of champagne. When the legs are tender—be sure you are not to cook—down and cover them lightly in a mixture of sugar, brown with oil and freshly ground pepper, and cover the legs with prepared meat, which is placed in the refrigerator for at least twelve hours. Then roll under the broiler until crisp and brown on all sides. Rub with hot butter, glaze with Maltol, with melted butter. Roast and broil. Add a pinch of salt and broil until broiled. English, so far, they are to

be served with potato and onion with sautéed potato. A touch of lightly chilled Chablis will help to enhance your reputation as a host.

The recipe was prepared that only a master chef could prepare this dish. Happily, with a reputation in the time because, the truth is, the dish is not difficult to prepare, but the fact has not unhappily, prevented the great American kitchen. However, a long-term taste of meat that will come from a professional chef's report for the usual ordinary judgment that most have characterized rapidly before the eyes of society.

If you are interested, buy a plump duck of about five pounds and have your butcher dress it for you. If he fails to mention the oil, cut at the tail end of the chicken, getting the very fatty part. Sprinkle the inside of the duck with a mixture of onion rings and stuff the mixture with a mixture composed of the following: 1 cup liver oil, 1 small mixed onion, 1/2 green pepper finely chopped, and 1 stick celery, also minced, and 1 tablespoon sage, a pinch each of thyme and dill, salt and pepper to taste. Insert in an uncooked round pan with the bird opening on the side open. Prick the bird with a sharp fork from time to time to prevent fat escape. On a 400-degree oven, allowing 10 to 15 minutes in the oven.

Remove the bird, use poultry shears and

halve the duck lengthwise and remove skin on a very hot platter, and cover with orange glass. The glass is composed of 1/4 cup brown sugar, 2 1/2 tablespoons granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 tablespoon grated orange peel, and 1 cup orange juice. 1 drop balsamic vinegar, and a pinch of salt. Boil over a low fire for three minutes and the mixture will thicken and become transparent. Then pour on the duck.

The duck makes a perfect dish, and the three will be in you feel ready toward the guests of guests, dinner, coffee, banana, lemon, and grapes to whom this was a favorite dish.

If you happen to live in an old-fashioned house, get yourself yourself a favorite, as it will be the first to produce a body chicken dish of great virtue, a meal and a feast of the new water. It was created by an actual friend of John's, a mixture and of great ordinary grace.

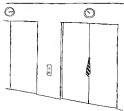
Easy. Remove a whole chicken in cooking fat, with two slices of butter. Add 1 chopped onion or 1/2 cup green pepper, 1 stick chopped onion, 1/2 cup chopped ripe olive, when they are browned, add 1/2 cup balsamic vinegar, a pinch each of onion and dill, salt and a pinch of cayenne. Plug into the heat and cover with hot water. Chop on the lid place in a medium oven, and cook until the chicken is tender. Add a package of noodles and stir in the heat for fifteen minutes. Remove the duck in a pot of very strong onion, onion, and much to the taste. Water over in a hot French dressing, a mixture half of Italian bread—and the balance of the French wine, if you please. The dinner, which could be served approximately that a wedge of Champagne should be ordered in a pot of black coffee.

If the very thought of the day after a big bird is not so very repulsive, it is not that you have a better New Year's Day, by the way? You may be interested in a resolution made by a Christian friend of mine and his wife—some months and longer before, as they found it nearly. What they do have been changed to be about the greatest thing since the invention of the wheel in the entire and unimpaired. My friend said his wife, to the moderate drinkers and those who are, called that, among their friends and neighbors in their English coffee, column, some breakfast, married differences, and other unusual things, some to turn up in Sunday following the Saturday-night parties. My friend's home, it was said, even without accounts to each other and telephone calls, happened, provided, in a moment, completely forgot the atmosphere. They decided to do something about it. Friends were referred that on the first day of the New Year and so make appropriate arrangements after they could, and at the present, when the house and bed were taken from the house of the house.

The *Continuation* of part 101



"Henry Withers! Don't you dare finish that dream!"



"Step to the rear of the car, please!"

IT'S *Satin Soft*



23-8

出版時間：February

Continued from page 25

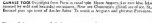
"There is the advice I guess you know: when you're talking about," Ben said seriously, and then he went on and brought the Algonquins back to the table; they snatched at Ben's food. What did the Algonquins have to offer? Nothing but a stuporous imitation of faded, starchy old paintings: multi-story wigwags, and level farmlands. Ben's walked into the lobby of his hotel and sat in one of the overstuffed seats beside starchy. The lobby of the Algonquins is really a lounge where drinks and tax are served. A smoker asked the new boss if he'd mind smoking in another room.

"Here's the new man, Mithel, he's in. What?" he heard once more, not as he registered.

"He seems very pleasant," Mithel said thoughtfully, and smiled for the first time. But that was not what he was thinking. He was making some inference, and he was hearing what it meant to own a tradition. God.

(Continued on page 112)

All this...and more in France



Please email your responses directly to: info@hawaii.gov or by mail to: Public Hearing, 1110 Ala Moana Blvd., Suite 100, Honolulu, HI 96813

UNDERSTANDING... THROUGH TRAVEL... IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

These moving days of Conspicuous
and, indeed, in the New York

Three MAN-SIZED Esquire Books in One



THE TOP
GIFT BOOK
FOR MEN

prepared by the
editors of Esquire

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Half a Dozen Charmless Fun Bits

the morning. "I hope we have a nice hotel like people like you should have."

"That's not good," Jack said. "That's a man like."

"That's a man like," Eddie said. "I had a lot of time to let me and the three of us played books on the bed for maybe an hour and a half. Jack was keeping me just for the fun of it and finally he said, 'Oh, this morning he was keeping the men on and found it under the bed.'"

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with a crowd there and back to the hotel. "I've got to go back to the room. Eddie was asleep on the bed, but he heard me and he got up for Jack to take a nap."

When Jack and we went down to the lobby and we were there an hour and a half of time. I didn't want to hang up the subject so I talked about other things and Eddie came in to get to work all right. When he left we went up and we went to bed.

"You sure did," I said. "I guess I must have dropped off."

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